

THE MASTER MIND

Novelized by Marvin Dana,
Author of "Within the Law,"
From the Successful Play
by Daniel D. Carter

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SYNOPSIS.

Henry Allen, a young married man, is sentenced to be executed for killing the man who won the affections of his wife. Allen's brother, Andrew, known to the criminal world as "The Master Mind," determines to avenge his brother. He writes the district attorney that he will send him white, red and black blank cards indicating the progress of his plans for revenge.

Andrew discovers that the district attorney who convicted Henry is in love with an orphan girl who once saved his life. The district attorney, Wainwright, has been searching for this girl, but cannot find her.

Andrew finds the girl and after conspiring to send her to prison gets her released. He then educates her.

The Master Mind, Andrew, then provides a family and a house for the girl, Lucene. The members of the "family" are ex-convicts living under assumed names. Lucene, however, does not know of their past. Andrew takes the position of butler in the house.

Lucene's three associates represent themselves as her father, mother and brother. They take the name of Lucene's mother, Mrs. Blount. Lucene, however, knows that they are ex-convicts and that they are plotting to kill the district attorney.

Lucene meets Wainwright. It is a case of love at first sight. Each remembers the occasion when the girl saved his life by binding a terrorist around a wrist injured in an automobile accident. They marry.

(Continued from Last Week)

"That is a leading question," was the answer, with a noncommittal smile.

"I shall put out my light tonight probably about 2 o'clock."

"Yes, yes?" Creagan agreed, lustily. "I got all that. But about her, now! Do you think there's a chance of her skipping out with me? What?"

"A true lover should never be discouraged," came the cryptic reply. As he spoke, Andrew opened the door, and motioned that his visitor should leave the room. "Till 2 o'clock," he said.

CHAPTER X. "Family Affairs."

AS Creagan, the thief, went out of the door opened for him by Parker, Walter sought Andrew and addressed him jokingly.

"That guy's my visitor. I'm hep. What?"

"He asked for you—yes," Andrew conceded. "He will call again, later, to verify certain information I have given him."

"Being some more of that stuff that's none of my business, eh?"

"Your powers of discernment show a decided improvement, Walter," the Master Mind said dryly.

"Come into the library a minute," the thief suggested. "I've got something for you, you know." Then, when they were alone together in the room, Walter took a sheaf of banknotes from his pocket, and gave them to Andrew.

"There's four hundred more I got from sister Lucene. Say, she's sure easy. Same old story. Told her I had to have it—was in trouble. And you see they're marked, like the others. Wainwright is getting wise, that's a cinch. Did you notice, he only began marking the money two weeks ago? Say, Andrew, what's the lay, anyhow? Put me next."

"It doesn't concern you, Walter," was the sharp answer.

"Ob, the devil!" the thief exclaimed, in desperation. "You make me sick. Well, anyhow, that makes forty-six hundred I've got from her, and given to you in the last month."

"You shall be reimbursed, sir, tomorrow," Andrew promised, gravely.

"Oh, there's no haste," Walter rejoined carelessly.

"Really, you are improving greatly," the butler said commendingly. "Environment has worked wonders in you. It's rather a pity that you cannot remain here to complete your sadly neglected education in the niceties of breeding. You go tomorrow."

"Tomorrow?" Walter repeated the word with an infection of incredulous dismay.

"Yes. You and the Blounts have been the guests of the Wainwrights now for a month. There is such a thing as abusing hospitality."

"But—where am I going?"

"Wherever you please," Andrew turned curtly toward Parker as the servant entered the room.

"Mrs. Wainwright wishes to see Mr. Andrew."

Walter interposed excitedly:

"I say, Parker; just tell my sister I'd like to see her for a minute first, will you?" Then as the servant withdrew he faced Andrew eagerly. "Look here, be urged desperately, 'I don't want to quit just yet. I've come across for you. Now I want you to come across for me. Won't you? I want to marry Helen.'"

The Master Mind contemplated his puppet with a supercilious stare.

"You grow ambitious, Walter. Mr. Wainwright's sister—a child!"

"The kid's dippy over me," the young man contended warmly. "Anyhow, she's sixteen. Of course I know Wainwright would be sore on the game. But I believe the kid would slip out to the parson with me at the drop of the hat if only Lucene would pass the word. Now, I want you to speak on my side to Lucene. Be a good pal, won't you, Andy?" He clasped Andrew familiarly on the shoulder.

The Master Mind started back as one would retreat from some noxious pollution.

"If you please!" he said. His tone was dangerous.

Walter cringed abjectly. "I'm sorry. I forgot," he stammered. Without another look toward him the Master Mind went out of the room. Lucene entered.

"You wished to speak to me?" she inquired indifferently.

"I want to speak to you about Helen."

"It is absolutely useless, Walter," Lucene declared promptly, with weariness in her voice. "The idea is absurd. Helen is only a child."

"She's old enough to know what she's doing, anyhow," Walter argued. Lucene shook her head emphatically.

"That's just it," she said, resolutely. "She isn't. She welcomed the coming of Mr. and Mrs. Blount, which put an end to this intolerable tete-a-tete."

Mrs. Blount spoke to Lucene with a half serious playfulness:

"He's such a naughty boy! Has he been worrying you, dearie?" Suddenly her greedy eyes fell on a bracelet that the young wife was wearing for the first time. "Oh, what a lovely bracelet!" she exclaimed, and now her tones were wheedlingly soft and sweet. She placed a hand on the ornament carelessly, but the slender, skilled fingers were busy.

Lucene, however, was in no mood to be patient under the importunities of this woman. She drew her arm away quickly.

"No, you shan't have it," she declared spitefully.

"Why, dearie?" Mrs. Blount cooed placatingly, the heavy lids drooping low over her big, slumberous eyes. "I only wanted to."

Lucene was ruthlessly frank. "No, I tell you. You've taken almost everything I have already."

The husband fairly glared at his wife. "You told me she gave 'em to me," he growled bitterly.

"And you did, didn't you, dearie?" the wife persisted, alarmed.

But any hope of help from the girl as an ally was dissipated on the instant.

"I did not!" Lucene exclaimed with vehemence rare in her.

The cold voice of Andrew sounded dominant through the room:

"Mrs. Blount!"

All turned to face the speaker where he stood just within the doorway, but the woman he addressed turned much more slowly than did the others.

Blount, nevertheless, made bold to speak up manfully in behalf of his erring spouse.

"Oh, that'll be all right," he declared, with an effort toward assurance. "She'll give them back, of course."

Andrew, however, made no answer. For that matter, he was no longer giving attention to the woman or her husband. He was, instead, listening to the dialogue between Walter and Lucene, for the young man had seized this opportunity to continue his pleading with the girl.

"Say, if you'll do this for me," he was urging, "I'll never bother you again. Come on now! Won't you?"

"No," was the steadfast answer. "I will not. During the last month you have made my life miserable by forcing me to get money for you from my husband to save you from disgrace, and incidentally myself. But you may threaten me as much as you like—you shan't have Helen. No, no!"

"Why not, I'd like to know?" Walter demanded blusteringly.

The reply was explicit:

"Because you're not fit."

The contemptuous words caused the thief's fury to pass all bounds.

"Oh, I ain't fit?" he stormed. "Well, I'd have you know I'm just as fit for Helen as you are for Wainwright. See? And, if you don't help me, why, my fine lady, I'll just—"

Andrew's voice broke off the half spoken threat.

"That will do, Walter," he commanded. "Lucene is right."

The young man protested.

"But I only want to marry Helen."

"It is impossible," Andrew retorted. Walter dared again.

"So, that's the game, is it?" he sneered. "Well, I don't go tomorrow!" the thief cried, wrathfully.

Andrew turned blandly toward Blount.

"When you go out will you be so good as to send Parker here as your son will wish to give some orders about his packing. By the way," he added carelessly, "you and Mrs. Blount also will be leaving tomorrow. Have you by any chance an objection to make?"

"Objection? No!" Blount said vigorously. "Lord, we'll be tickled to death to go home."

Blount led her from the room. But before the pair had quite reached the door the Master Mind called again to the westerner:

"Oh, Blount! And tell Parker also to send Mr. Marshall here."

Lucene sank down wearily in a chair. But Walter approached Andrew aggressively.

"Now, look here!" he exclaimed truculently. "I don't scare worth a cent, and I'm advising you that you'd better go light too. I know a thing or two."

He grinned evilly.

Andrew regarded his rebellious tool with undisguised disgust.

"Very well, Walter. When Mr. Marshall comes we are going to allow you to confide in him at your pleasure."

"Aw, let him come!" Walter declaimed valiantly. "What do I care for him? Where does he get off, anyhow?"

Then Andrew replied in a whisper, "Mr. Marshall is a detective—in the Pinkerton service."

Walter was unable to control a start, and a cigarette fell from fingers that trembled. Andrew stooped and picked it up, and as he returned it to the young man he added in his most subservient manner:

"Pardon me, sir. Was it my awkwardness, or are you perhaps a little nervous, sir?" Again, he changed his tone and spoke now as the Master Mind, turning toward the watching girl, "I think that it is possible Walter will, after all, decide to depart before morning."

He faced his victim and looked the thief with scornful eyes. "I said, 'Walter! I should have said, 'Diamond Will!'"

The thief's hand caught at his tormentor's arm in agonized appeal.

"No, no, Andrew!" he cried huskily. "I'll do anything you say."

"It may be too late."

Walter's face was white with terror now.

"Don't give me up, Andrew," he begged.

ged. "Oh, for God's sake don't give me up! Lucene," he called in despair. "Her heart was moved."

"Let him go, Andrew," she interceded. "I don't want any trouble, for my own sake."

The Master Mind made no direct answer to her plea. Instead, he turned and spoke to Parker, who appeared in the doorway, following the message "I think it was Mr. Walter who wanted you, Parker," Andrew said in an expressionless voice.

Walter assented with feverish haste. "Yes, Parker. I'm going away in the morning early. I want you to help me pack."

Lucene, left alone with Andrew, gazed at him with miserable eyes.

"Oh, those dreadful people!" she cried distractedly. "I can't understand how you"—She checked her outburst with an effort out of respect for the man she esteemed so highly.

Andrew walked to her and stood looking down commiseratingly at the delicate face, in which just now the blue eyes shone a little more dimly than was their wont. He regretted profoundly that the necessities of his vengeance must thus involve in suffering the girl whom he had come to cherish very fondly—more fondly than any other living thing. Sometimes even there stirred in the man's heart a suspicion that perhaps he was growing to lavish on her a love like that he had borne his brother. But always he crushed back the thought as something wickedly disloyal to that brother who was dead—dead at the hands of an enemy who must pay the penalty, though it were to wring this girl's heart, though it were to destroy her every hope of happiness.

"I'm sorry you have been annoyed, more sorry than I can say. But don't waste a thought on Walter. He's not worth it."

"It is all horrible," the girl exclaimed. "Sometimes I give up—hope. It is all so false."

Andrew viewed this emotion with alarm. At whatever cost this instrument of vengeance must be controlled now, when the hour of victory was close.

"It's true," he confessed, with evident contrition in voice and manner. "I've been greatly imposed on by those persons. You see, my dear, I wouldn't be too particular about the part of folks I engaged to play a spy part like theirs. Tomorrow they shall all be gone, and you'll be left to yourself in peace."

"In peace?" Lucene repeated, with a gasp, and her face was very sorrowful. "I wonder. Oh, she went on in a flash of feeling. 'I know, Andrew. That it was wrong not to tell Cortland everything at the beginning. This secret between him and me is a poison that must eat out the heart of our happy peace.'"

"Perhaps it was wrong," the Master Mind agreed unhesitatingly. "In point of fact, I am beginning to regret I advised you as I did." He added very gravely, "I am afraid that now, after all, you may be compelled to be quite unkind with him."

The sudden possibility of having to do what she had so dreaded, yet desired for conscience's sake, filled Lucene with terror. She stared at Andrew. The color flowed from her cheeks and left them ashen.

"What do you mean?" she panted.

The Master Mind hesitated for a little, from sheer pity for the stricken creature before him, whom now he must hurt again. He had need to recall all his love for the dead brother to strengthen his will in order to strike the next blow on the already bruised heart of this woman toward whom all the tenderness of his nature streamed.

"Do you remember Creagan?" he asked significantly.

A shudder shook the girl.

"Creagan?" she gasped.

"Yes," Andrew went on. "Jim Creagan of Chicago. I see that you do remember him. Well, he has discovered that you are Mrs. Wainwright, and he is coming here tonight."

A cry broke from the pallid lips.

"Here? What for?"

"Hobbery." The single word came laden with horror to the girl's ears, the proclamation of her own degradation.

"No, no!" she protested in despair. "It can't be true! It must not! I won't believe it!"

Andrew maintained an attitude of sympathetic regret as he stood, a little bowed, before her. Under the piteous pleading in her eyes he felt his resolution slipping from him. He would have taken her in his arms, to comfort tenderly as might a father. But he braced himself to resist, though he suffered grievously at having to continue her torture on this rack of his own devising.

"I have never misled you, Lucene," he told, firmly.

CHAPTER XI.
On the Rack.

WE must consider this thing carefully for safety's sake. Suppose this fellow, Creagan, should be caught. He paused to give his conclusion its full intensity of significance. "To save himself he might say he knew you as Maggie Flint."

"Oh, my God!" It was a wail from the anguished woman. Dry sobs shook the slender form.

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voice vibrant with emotion. "The situation is critical."

Lucene aroused herself fiercely. "You must keep him away!" she cried.

Andrew shook his head. "I fear I can do nothing."

For a minute, there was silence between the two. Lucene fought to regain her self control, for she knew that she would need all her powers to meet this crisis in her life.

"Does he know the Blounts?" she asked.

"I am afraid so," Andrew replied apprehensively. "In fact, I'm almost certain."

"Then—then he might tell Cortland that they"—She broke off the sentence with a moan.

"Yes," the man agreed simply. "But," he continued after a moment, thoughtfully, "there is one chance—just one. You might meet him tonight when he comes, and try to dissuade him."

A sneer twisted her lips. "Only money could do that!"

Andrew's comment was instant: "Then give it to him."

"It would take a great deal of money to get him to go away without theft from a house like this. When I met him first I didn't know the sort of man he was. I learned afterward. They talked about him in the reformatory. He has a good reputation—among criminals."

Andrew drew a bill case from his pocket.

"I have here," he said, "just a little less than \$5,000. That should suffice." The girl shrank back.

"I am afraid," she whispered.

"Think!" the Master Mind commanded, with a note of sternness. "Think what depends upon this! His voice dropped. 'Lucene, if you do not fail tonight your troubles will be over.' She shook her head slowly in dreary negation.

"No," she answered forlornly, "they will never be over. I have learned the lesson at last. You were wrong in what you tried to teach me. I know it now, when it is too late. I should have followed my conscience." She threw herself back and sat huddled in utter dejection. "It would have been better," she murmured brokenly, almost inaudibly, "better for Cortland and me, if we had never met again."

The Master Mind perceived that for the time being her feeling had carried her beyond his control. He waited patiently until the violence of her grief should have spent itself. Then after a time he assailed her ruthlessly from a new point of attack. The very difficulty of his task provoked him to harsher endeavor, unweakened by sympathy.

"Lucene," he said earnestly, "if it were to become necessary in order to save your husband from public disgrace you would be willing to do something otherwise wholly repulsive to your every instinct, would you not?"

The girl opened her eyes and looked up at him with a new questioning of dread in her gaze. "If there were no other way to save him from disgrace you would even pretend to go away with this fellow Creagan, wouldn't you?" There was a long pause, in which she continued to stare at him with an ever increasing horror as a vague understanding of his meaning crept into her consciousness. "Wouldn't you? I mean if it should be absolutely necessary in order to stop Creagan's mouth. Why, with ten words to the newspaper reporters about you and the Blounts he could ruin your husband's whole political career. Think, Lucene, is your love strong enough to rise to that supreme height of martyrdom wherein you would not only sacrifice yourself in silence, but so blacken your character that he would gladly let you go? Is your love so strong, Lucene?"

There was no answer. The distracted girl remained cowering under a crushing weight of horror. And yet, despite the despair that flamed in her breast, some secret prompting stirred her toward acquiescence. That single word "martyrdom" had set her spirit fermenting for sacrifice. In the heart of her was the eternal yearning of the woman to give where she loved, the maternal instinct of total self-allegation for the sake of the one beloved, the willingness to yield all, to suffer all, to dare all to live or die for that beloved's good. Subconsciously, already she realized the truth that she would

under which the linen is cut away, leaving the flowers and leaves of the net held to the linen by the embroidery. Linen torchon lace is used as an edging.

White and Black Stripes.

White and black stripes are used in almost every fabric, but perhaps no more attractively than in voile or chiffon mounted over a foundation of white taffeta. Often the overdress of stripes is edged with blue or black velvet ribbon, which gives it a stability and charm it would otherwise lack.

Secret of True Industry.

How profitable is it for every one of us to be reminded, as we are reminded when we make ourselves aware of the derivation of diligence from "diligence" to love, that the only secret or true industry is love of that work!

Varied Menu.

The chorus girl dines one day on a crust and the next on a crustacean.—New York Evening Mail.

(Continued next week)

Woman's World

The Wife of a Great Writer
Who Has Opinions Also.



LADY DOYLE.

Lady Doyle, whose husband, Sir Arthur Conan Doyle, is a literary expert on crimes and criminals, concurs with him in his belief about Sing Sing. The following is what that noted author said after a five minute voluntary incarceration in one of the cells of the prison:

"It ought to be burned down," he exclaimed indignantly. "The buildings are absolutely antiquated, and it is nothing less than a disgrace for a state so great and wealthy as New York to have a prison which is a hundred years behind the times."

"I am a medical man, and naturally I was interested in the sanitary conditions and the way the buildings were constructed, and I saw enough. No, I have never read or even heard of any of the reports on conditions in Sing Sing which may have been issued. I didn't need any reports; I saw the place."

"I don't wish to pose as an authority on English prisons," the novelist went on, "but I doubt if we have any as sanitary as Sing Sing, except perhaps in very remote districts. Certainly, there are none in London or the larger cities."

"The cells ought to be knocked three or four into one. As to the types of prisoners whom I saw there, I should say that it struck me that the great mistake of the penal laws is in their failure to allow freer scope for treatment of the individual."

"But is there such a thing as an American criminal?" he asked. "There in Sing Sing I saw great numbers of men evidently of foreign birth. Your criminals are like your life—cosmopolitan."

In all of these opinions Lady Doyle echoes her distinguished husband.

Sir Conan Doyle married Miss Jean Lockie Sept. 18, 1867. She is his second wife, and gives her husband much sympathy and inspiration in his profession of story writing. Dr. Doyle has given up entirely the practice of medicine.

LINEIN AND LACE CENTERPIECE

Round Pieces Are Much In Vogue This Season.

Linen lace and embroidery are used in the centerpiece pictured here. The embroidery is combined with net, from

under which the linen is cut away, leaving the flowers and leaves of the net held to the linen by the embroidery. Linen torchon lace is used as an edging.

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